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influences, but full of atmosphere. The broad and vigorous brush-work is full of expression and vitality.

Of the Dutch artist Termeulen there are two paintings, one of which was especially painted for Mr. Cole, which are a revelation to those acquainted with this artist's work. They are by long odds the best works I have seen of this follower of Mauve. One is a large wooded landscape somewhat in the style of Corot, the other, a "Return to the Fold," shows this master of sheep pictures at his best.

Standing by themselves are three or four pictures that would enrich any collection. David Cox, the true child of nature, is shown by one of his cabinet oils, "Changing Pastures," which came from the David Cox Exposition in Birmingham. There is the native simplicity of the master and that masculine vigor of touch, which has never been surpassed. Whether he painted mountain or dell or fruitful plain, foaming torrent or meandering stream, his grandly diversified scenery is always striking and often imposing, though never overstepping the modesty of nature. The picture before us has all the feeling of this man of humble tastes but of wonderful charm and poetic temperament. David Cox, by no means popular in his day, by the judgment of posterity has been given, as a water-colorist, a rank second only to Turner. His works are in this country even more rare than of Turner, and probably for the same cause: that England is willing to outbid us for them.

The very opposite in treatment is Benjamin West, who in classic composition along academic lines portrays the romance of Priam's son Troilus and Cressida, the daughter of Calchas, the priest of Troy. The picture was purchased directly from the family of the artist, and is in many ways a landmark in an historical survey of international art.

From the great opponent of classicism, Couture, there is a female head somewhat broader in treatment than is usually seen from this artist's brush, but with all the glowing color and expressive vitality which came to him after he had sundered the tame and formal bonds of dismal conventionality. The face of this peasant woman is just what may be supposed to have been the ideal of the burly and brusque man of the people, who never could hit it off with the ladies of the imperial court, when Napoleon III. endeavored to chain him to his car.

The gem of the collection is a masterpiece by Diaz. It were easy to give a dry description of this great picture, which formed the center of attraction at a recent Art Institute Loan Exhibit,—as easy as it is to describe the flaming torch of a volcano. "Le Coup de Soleil," to begin with, is a close study of nature by one who understood her as no one had ever done, and worshipped her as a Parsee does the sun. The luminousness of the darkening sky holds within itself the burning glow of a real sun, setting as a ball of fire, and flashing through the branches with a lurid, angry burst. The group of peasants sitting at the edge of the clearing is translated to the canvas by the master hand which cared little for minute lines, only for what was necessary to specify, knowing how to generalize. So it is with the trees, painted as inspiration sees them, so that in their presence one sees the twigs bend and discovers the foliage that constitutes the mass of verdure,—and yet it is no arboreal anatomy by any means. In this picture the true Diaz comes to the surface, the true Diaz speaks in all the splendor of his genius.

EDUARD VON GEBHARDT.

TWEEN hill and dale, away from the highway of commerce, the railroad, only to be reached by the old-fashioned imperial German *Postwagen*, lies the Protestant monastery Loccum. Mirrored in the little lake, at the bank of which this thirteenth century relic was erected, it impresses one as a reflection of past history. In this Lutheran institution in the small Hanover village has been created, during the past ten years, a wonderfully conceived series of religious mural paintings.

In the year 1163 an order of monks established themselves here and in course of time various buildings were erected. During the Reformation there took place one of the remarkable episodes of that time, in the gradual adherence of the Loccum monks to the tenets of Luther, without any perceptible change in cloister order or discipline, to this day an abbot being the head of the institution, which serves at present as a training school for aspiring preachers. This is the place, with its peculiar unworldly atmosphere.

The man who entered sympathetically into these surroundings was selected by the German Government to execute a monument of decorative art. Eduard von Gebhardt, the son of a Lutheran preacher, was well fitted to create a work of peculiar, national type. As instructor in the Düsseldorf Academy he had shown great facility of execution, and in some respects individual conception; while the work for which he had become known indicated the trend of mind which had prepared him for this exposition of German

mural painting, solid, if not gross—so diverging from the French conception of Puvis de Chavannes, poetic and ethereal, or the English, for instance Abbey's, rich and noble.

A recent double number of *Die Kunst unserer Zeit* of Hanfstaengl's contains a half score and more of excellent photogravure reproductions of this cycle, the general subject of which is the representation of Christ as a preacher. The text by Friedrich Schaar-schmidt gives a description of the meaning of these paintings, which we may pass by; not, however, the excellent indents, which show some characteristic study sketches, taken from the artist's note-books.

While of course unable to judge of the color scheme, which is said to be varied according to the theme and to offer a pleasing ensemble, it will be noted that von Gebhardt followed somewhat the Italian school in dressing his figures in the old German costume of Luther's time, with here and there an anachronistic, more modern garment. The effect is not displeasing. The composition and grouping may be thought somewhat theatrical. The drawing, except of the animals which are shown in some of the paintings, is excellent. The artist's favorite specialty is easily recognized. This must of necessity be the hand, and von Gebhardt is so skillful in expressing almost every human sentiment by the delineation of digits and thumbs, that unfortunately these hands sometimes overpower the whole composition and become a serious detriment to its even balance.

This double number is a distinct acquisition to every portfolio, in which is kept a survey of modern art in its various manifestations.

ROMANCES OF THE ITALIAN MASTERS.

ALPHONSO LOMBARDI, Titian's friend, who was the first to introduce the method of medallion portraits in Italy, was a very ingenious sculptor, but most ridiculous character. He was very handsome, finely formed, with a healthy and spirited countenance, and his beauty was undoubtedly the cause of his idle habits and foppish ways. He fell in love with a lady of noble birth, and an anecdote of his courtship is more amusing than elegant. One night, while dancing with her in the house of a Bolognese count, he turned toward her, heaving a profound sigh, looking in her face with what he thought ineffable softness in his eyes, and said:

"If it be not love that I feel, pray then what is it?"

The lady smiled, and, wishing to reprove his gushing sentimentality, replied:

"Perhaps it is a b——" (*pidocchio*).

Her reply being heard was repeated and soon became the joke of Bologna. The poor Alphonso encountered other misfortunes, and died miserably at forty-nine, lamenting to the last moment his unhappy destiny.

Tintoretto, whose real name was Joseph Robusti, was also a child of Venice, the sea-king's daughter, that paradise of lovers. He married a woman of such eager character, that she gave him no time for dreaming his hours away in a gondola. It was owing to her extraordinary encouragement that he painted twice as many pictures as he ought, which gave rise to the saying that Tintoretto had three pencils, one of gold, one of silver, and one of iron. Although he lived to be seventy-two, his best picture was undoubtedly his "Miracle of the Slave," painted when he was thirty-six. He had two children, both of whom were his pupils. His daughter Mariette had remarkable talent, and promised to far surpass her father as portraitist. She was a bright-faced girl, and when a child her father put her in boy's dress and took her with him for companion and pupil. Mario Augusti, a German jeweller, loved her, and obtained her father's permission to marry her upon the condition that she should never leave home. His love-marriage was of brief duration, for the artist-wife died at thirty, leaving her father and husband inconsolable. Her father painted her portrait as she lay dead—the sublime courage of love.

Giorgione, who left his work to be finished by Titian, was a darling of society. He had great, dark eyes, full curling hair, and the inspired face of a poet. He played the lute, and sang divinely. He died in the height of his fame, at thirty-four, from the plague, having caught it from his lady-love who lay dying.

Leonardo da Vinci never married. He was very fond of quiet, of meditation, and he "feared to find in marriage too many distractions." He was the natural son of a Venetian lawyer, and his mother one of those who "loved too well." Although history makes no mention of her, she must have been a woman of high qualities of both heart and body to have given birth to such a son. Like poor Marion Earle's observation, that "God should put so sweet a seal upon so foul a thing," the child glorified a thousand times his mother's shame, proving in his surpassing beauty, his marvellous genius, the generous and chivalric grace of his manner, that he was indeed a child of love, if not of land. Heaven seems to have heaped

upon him all celestial gifts. He was great as sculptor, painter, and engineer; he excelled in science, literature, and music. He played the lyre divinely and married the songs he improvised to its melody. The splendid genius of his life left little room in the record of his history for romance, of which he must in all reason have had a taste. He died at sixty-seven in the arms of François I.

Guido Reni, who painted "Aurora," that very spirit of morning, was so finely formed and had so beautiful a face, that Louis Carracci took him as a model for his angels. But this radiant Reni, who had such a spirit for art that he aroused the wildest jealousy, who was charming as he was modest, beloved by all, courted by nobles and princes, died at sixty-seven, in misery and forgetfulness. He never married, but was of irreproachable character until at the last, when he yielded to the passion of gambling.

Of the Carraccis, Annibal, Augustin, and François were sons of a Bolognese tailor. None of them married. Annibal was very simple in manner, an enemy of show, and shunned society; he died at forty-nine. Augustin was inconstant in character, and quarrelled with Annibal, of whom he was jealous. He died at forty-eight in a Capuchin convent, leaving a natural son, for whom his brother Annibal provided during the short time he survived him. François, the younger, was chiefly known as an ungrateful creature, and died young from an excess of dissipation. Louis Carracci, their cousin, was the son of a butcher. He had a beautiful and obliging character and was the soul of generosity. He died at sixty-four, unmarried, having expended all his love upon his pupils, to whom he was devotedly attached.

Correggio's life has been as much a subject of dispute as his pictures. According to some writers he was of low birth and burdened with an expensive family; others believe that he was well-born and far from being poor. The last opinion is based upon the fact that he painted aristocratically and upon costly materials. He died, however, from carrying home on foot the proceeds of the sale of a picture, which were in copper coins. He married at twenty-five Girolama Merlini, who, being his model, must have spent her life in an attitude, as Correggio left more than twenty paintings of "Virgins," and died at forty. All his figures of women have something divine, and all his figures of children are portraits of Loves. Even in his scenes of voluptuousness, he has mingled a celestial grace which warns the senses not to misinterpret.

Salvator Rosa, who was poet as well as painter, died at fifty-eight, and was married on his death-bed. The bride was his mistress, servant, and model, and had borne him several children. She was a Florentine and bore the fatal name of Lucretia. The repugnance he had to the marriage was extreme, and was only acceded to in obedience to his priest's command. His last moments of remorse and disgust were attended by his friends, who endeavored to inspire him with fortitude, and he died saying, that God would never damn a man of his genius, which was alone a gauge of his salvation!

Perugino, who had the twelve-year-old Raphael for his pupil, was the son of a poor peasant, so very poor that, when he went to seek his fortune at Florence, he had for months no better bed to sleep on than an old chest. But he was born a painter, and had little need of luxury, for he painted night-time and day-time with an ardor that knew no limit. His early privations engendered within him an avarice that but one thing surmounted: his love for his wife. She was a girl of great beauty, and, although Perugino was so miserably that he carried all his valuables about his person, he would buy the most sumptuous fabrics and with his own hand adorn her, when his admiration would be most extravagant. They had several children, and to their charming young heads and the maturer and richer beauty of the mother, Perugino's pictures owe much of their graceful and elegant distinction.

Paul Veronese lived fifty-eight years. No Italian painter left a brighter record than he. The only excess of his life consisted in the purchase of magnificent *dotties*, for the draping of his models. He was honorable, high-minded, sincere, unselfish, and of great piety. He painted with astonishing rapidity, and loved all the pomp of art, of architecture, of princely accessories. His prodigious activity enabled him to maintain his family handsomely, a family of which no member won any special distinction. He had a son who had a mediocre talent for sculpture, but he died at twenty-six.

Poor Andrea del Sarto, who was as happy in genius as he was miserable in love, was the son of a tailor. While still an enthusiastic young painter in Florence, he had for a model Lucrezia del Fen, the wife of a hosier, who was more remarkable for her beauty than her virtues. Upon the death of her husband, which seems to have been very opportune, Andrea married her, and for him trouble began; she was so insolent and exigent that his pupils found it impossible to remain with him. Andrea, who was always madly in love with her, was tortured by jealousy. Her demands robbed him of golden opportunities, both for wealth and fame, and yet, when he fell ill from an infectious malady, he was abandoned at the last by this woman for whom he had sacrificed peace and honor, and died

alone, at the early age of forty-two. One cannot but wonder that out of such life blossomed such glorious pictures—Lucrezia transformed into saintly "Virgins" and divine Madonnas, of an execution so *naïve*, so true, so refined, and of such noble serenity, that they won for him the title of "faultless."

Palma, the younger, was so avaricious of his time that, although he indulged in the extravagance of a wedding moment, he never found leisure afterwards to bury his wife. This marital duty he entrusted to his friends, who found him, upon their return from the burial, busy at his easel, "I hope," cried the painter to the women, "that you ornamented my wife well with ribands and flowers!"

MARY W.

ART IN RUSSIA.

II.

IN every house in Russia, in every *isba* or peasant's cot, in every café or restaurant, and in frequent roadside shrines, we are forcibly reminded of Byzantine art. The "Obraz," or sacred image of the Mother of God, *Bogoroditsa*, of some patron saint, or more rarely of the Saviour, is everywhere to be seen with its lamp before it, to be lit on feasts, or when any special favor is sought from Heaven by those who cannot afford oil to keep it always burning. This picture is invariably saluted with reverence by all who pass it, or enter or leave the apartment where it may be. It consists of a plate of metal, generally gilt and chased or *repoussé*, and often most richly adorned with precious stones. In this plate openings are cut for the face and hands of the figure, which are painted on wood or canvas, and placed behind. The rays emanating from the head of the saint or Madonna are engraved with a faultless precision which is striking, until one knows that it is effected by a curious machine devised for the purpose, and which, too, is typical of the stereotyped and mechanical character of this ecclesiastical art. The description of one of these pictures of saints, with its carapace of gold, will serve for all. The iconostasis, or screen before the sanctuary, is usually covered with them, and they are often enriched with precious stones to an incredible value.

Remarkable, also, in the churches, is a striving after a rich golden effect, a cardinal feature of the Byzantine style, introduced in the first centuries of the Christian era from Persia, and still easily recognizable, for instance, in St. Mark's, Venice, and in the gold backgrounds of mediæval miniatures. This effect is often increased and mellowed by subdued daylight and the copious clusters of burning tapers. The elaborateness and enormous value of the ecclesiastical vessels, ornaments, and vestments, and other offerings preserved at the Troitza and in the Kremlin, are truly marvellous. It is as though it were sought, by a barbaric and undoubtedly, also, an impressive splendor, to compensate for the lack of that higher and nobler beauty of art which was developed under the wing of Latin Christianity, but which in the East never rose from the shock of early iconoclasm, and was stunted and petrified by hieratic prescriptions. To this day no statues are allowed, and, with exception of the images outside the Cathedral of St. Isaac at St. Petersburg, the only ecclesiastical sculptures that may be seen are a few bas-reliefs here and there.

It must not be supposed, however, that dogmatic restriction has been able to kill Russian national art, though it may have seriously retarded its advance and narrowed its scope. The buildings in the Kremlin and many of the churches are evidences of the contrary. If Russia was less open to the influence of the classic Renaissance than the other countries of Europe, its chief energies being then absorbed in consolidation and development, the romantic or national revival was, perhaps, all the stronger.

Poushkin led the way in poetry, and was followed by a revulsion of feeling from the exotic culture derived from France and Germany, and favored by Peter the Great and Catharine, to more genuine national feeling and tradition, a tendency which, in European nations, has been a marked and growing feature of the present century. The bypaths of Russian history and archæology have begun to be explored; national song, and poetry, and costume have been revived; legend and folk-lore have been studied. The disappearance of broader distinctions between national styles of art is undoubtedly a necessary consequence of modern civilization and its cosmopolitan tendencies, and if Russia cannot claim a truly national school of painting, she can point to some native painters of distinction and originality. Bruloff's canvas of "The Last Supper," in the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg, is singularly original in treatment.

The seascapes of Aiasovsky are known far beyond the limits of the artist's country. We may, perhaps, say that one of the distinctive characteristics of modern schools of painting should be looked for in climatic and atmospheric effect, and in this respect Russia offers marked features.

H. W.